The Charles Viewer

2015

Visual and Literary Arts
by Students of Fisher College

FISHER
UBIQUE FIDELIS
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Letter From The Editors

Dear Fisher Students, Faculty, and Staff,

We are proud to present to you the 47th edition of *The Charles Viewer*. This year, we are excited to showcase the diversity of talent we have received in all visual and written works. Our issue would not be possible without the participation of Fisher College students or the professors and mentors who encourage creativity and expression in the lives of our students.

The editorial staff would like to acknowledge and give thanks to all students who submitted work to *The Charles Viewer*. We also give thanks to our faculty adviser, Dr. John Martino, for his perseverance and his dedication to the *Viewer*. Without his passion for the arts, who knows what kind of state *The Charles Viewer* would be in today.

The editorial staff would also like to thank Dr. Thomas McGovern, President of Fisher College; Dr. Dean Walton, Division Chair of Liberal Arts & Sciences; Dr. Lisa N. Jackson, Director of Student Activities; Cheréva McClellan, Assistant Director of Student Activities; Karinè Kadiyska, Professor of Arts for bringing student works to us; Arghavan Schumacher, Manager of ACE, for providing us space to assemble the issue; and Christina Martin, Communications Manager, for contributing to the creation of this issue and hopefully for many more issues to come. We also want to thank all of our professors, mentors, and parents for encouraging all of us to be creative and guiding us through life.

It is with sadness that we announce that our Editor-in-Chief of the past four years (2011-2015), Erin Martin, is graduating in May 2015. We would like to thank her for her dedication to *The Charles Viewer* and for her patience in making each issue come together. We wish her well on her next step in her journey of life. She will be missed by the editorial staff of the *Viewer*.

Sincerely,

The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff
Erin Martin, Editor-in-Chief
Susan Metz, Assistant Editor
Luiz Vasquez, Assistant Editor
Dr. John Martino, Faculty Adviser

Table of Contents

High Expectations — Israel N. Rodriguez Font .....Cover

Letter from the Editors.....3

A Woman of Words — Erin Martin.....6

Scratchin' — Erin Martin.....8

Divinity — Daniel Fowler.....9

Experiment — Jameel Yousif.....10

Tying Ribs — Israel N. Rodriguez Font.....11

Оставьте меня в покое — Ekaterina Utesheva.....12

I'm Asking to Be Left in Stillness — Ekaterina Utesheva.....13

Good Vibes — Shannon Geher.....14

Live Your Life — Daniel Williams.....15

Bitter — Elissa Wibisono.....16

Laugh In My Face — Erin Martin.....19

Monochromatic Color Study — Bhagyasei Ashas.....20

Monochromatic Color Study — Cherokee Watson.....21

Project 3 — Jin He (Anna).....22

Clarity — Daniel Fowler.....23

"Go" — Susan Metz.....24

Untitled 1 — Shannon Geher.....26

Untitled 2 — Shannon Geher.....27

Table of Contents (Continued)

Selfie — Susan Metz.....28

THE MONSTER INSIDE US — Anonymous.....30

Addiction — Anonymous.....31

Dementia — Anonymous.....32

Contamination #1 — Israel N. Rodriguez Font.....33

Burn — Erin Martin.....34

Under The Rose — Erin Martin.....35

Công Ơn Cha Mẹ — Thanh Nguyen.....36

The Parents' Merit — Thanh Nguyen.....38

Time Out of Time — Erin Martin.....40

Untitled — Susan Metz.....42

Stop! Listen . . .
My lips were made for more
Than just kissin'
I am a woman of words

Words, words, words
Flutter about my brains
Like a flock of birds
They taunt me, they haunt me

These words cursed and divine
So compacted and intertwined
Burn in my heart
Begging to be released into the stark

My tongue not of silver and gold
Can create worlds
Can capture and enrapture
Your ears, mine to hold

Your attention, for a moment
I beg to hold
As I create a new verse
Inspired by old

Words, words, words
I whisper in the night
To thrill, to chill
To give a fright

Words, my weapon of choice
To win the fight
To bear my brute
To show my might

These words I choose
Have power to enrage
Or soothe
Either way, they move

A woman of words
Is my condition
My mind feverishly hums
Pardon, I beg for contrition

I cannot stop the way
I am, it is my nature
A woman of words
Forever a slave to ways of literature

A single word can make
Or break my day
When with me
Choose your words wisely

A Woman of Words —Erin Martin

Scratchin' — Erin Martin

Your throne needs another coat of paint,
And the moon isn't getting any higher.

Wind whips through the underbrush,
As the trees beckon to each other's call.

The sword in his helm,
His mind in the void.

The latter is a more confusing matter,
Of barbells, backgrounds,
Breaches, beaches,
Flight and sight.

The thoughts reprieved of their supple grace,
Cloaked in his conscience,
Graced with reasons he knows are true,
But may never open their branches.

Divinity — Daniel Fowler

Labyrinth is life that depletes us

Infinite walls of blockade and mile-long halls of perpetuating troubles

A winner's life is one that's lost

For life's rain cloud stands dry in our decalescent desert

Love's illusions tantalize our beliefs

We try and seek paths of ease which simply isn't a soft breeze

A gust, a gust of pain caressing us as we try to find a way out like wind through trees

Out of this maze and into the glaze of the sun, it can't be done

A puzzle impervious to solve and hopeless fate

Heaven's playpen and hell's puppet we are to be bantered with at their gates

Knowledgeable mice struggle to sniff their way for cheese could not assist

Isolated inside, can't hear us shout, we want out for the best

No one leaves this riddle we live against, for God left us to answer his test

We test to fail which means succession at society's games

To solve this twist we must live in flames.

Experiment —Jameel Yousif

Tying Ribs — Israel N. Rodriguez Font

Оставьте меня в покое
Кругом лишь одна суета
И бесконечные войны в округе
Одна лишь тоска.

Оставьте меня в покое
Оставьте на этой грешной земле
Где люди живут в суете
И бесконечной тьме.

Мне чужды ваши идеи
И мне не понять почему,
Вы кровь проливая чужую
Продолжаете эту резню.

Иссушилось мое море покоя,
Что я детям своим расскажу?
Я устала, буду изгоем,
Но этот злой мир я не приму.

Оставьте меня в покое, прошу!
Ведь вам меня не понять,
Как много в сердце боли,
Которую на века не унять.

Оставьте меня в покое — Ekaterina Utesheva
(Original Russian Version)

I'm asking to be left in stillness.
I'm surrounded by the bustle of those
Who continue to battle around me
And I will not suffer anymore.

I'm asking to be left in stillness.
I'm asking for rest on this sinful earth,
Where people are vain and living to hustle,
Where constant darkness fills their souls.

I dislike your ideas completely
Though it is difficult to explain why.
You spill the blood of others,
And this massacre will never end.

My thoughts dry up in the ocean of my mind.
Like an outlaw, I have lost my way.
What should I say to my children?
I don't want them to suffer from fear.

I'm asking to be left in stillness—I beg!
There's no one who understands me.
The hurt in my heart is terminal,
But my death is an eternity away.

I'm Asking To Be Left In Stillness
English Translation of Оставьте меня в покое
by Ekaterina Utesheva, Kiryll Kalino, and John Martino

Good Vibes — Shannon Geher

And so it seems . . .
A lonely dream
of nothing to exist.
When nothing is impossible,
is that a curse or a gift?
Or rather both?
It's a curse
if nothing
is who you desire to be,
but by being nothing
you're everything
that is impossible to be.
With God nothing is impossible.
I guess impossible is me.
The gift is that nothing exists,
and existence is free.

Bitter — Elissa Wibisono

The brown, apple juice-like liquid traveled from the cup to my lips. The moment it hit my taste buds, an immediate bitterness dominated my whole mouth. I gulped it down and rinsed my mouth with a glass of water. It reminded me of an unsweetened black coffee with too much water. In other words, I didn't like it. I wasn't convinced that I would be a part of the "Drinking Culture" that had become a wide phenomenon at my school. Everyone was talking about it, and every birthday party had alcohol. I had my first experience trying it at a friend's birthday party. Contrary to what my friends thought, I didn't like it and it's not something that I enjoy doing. Sometimes, I felt left out because it seemed that I was missing a big part of something, but I learned that true happiness is not being someone else to make other people happy.

The loud, blaring music blasted through the huge speakers that were sitting in the corners of the room. Girls and boys were vigorously dancing to the beat on the dance floor. The party lights flickered on and off, creating the ultimate party scene. I was sitting with a couple of friends at a table across the dance floor, observing people who were busy dancing. I started to yawn because it was way past my bedtime, and my eyelids were getting heavy. As I continued to battle with myself to fight the sleepiness, suddenly, a group of waitresses entered the party and brought large, bulky bottles and a stack of cups. I immediately recognized what was in the bottles – alcohol. Now, I am the type of person who is very obedient. What is "No" stays forever "No" in my dictionary. My parents always lectured me

about teenage drinking. So, being caught up in this kind of situation right now made me nervous, and I started thinking up a bunch of "What ifs" and plans to escape this situation.
But, of course, friends are friends, so they knew what I was thinking, and they shouted, "You can't miss out this time!" so I guess there was no way I could miss this situation.

My friends started pouring and passing around the brown, transparent liquid that looked like apple juice. I gritted my teeth and clasped my sweaty hands as I saw the liquid flow from the bottle to their designated cups. When I received mine, I stared at it, dumbfounded while the others casually drank it all in one shot as if it were a glass of water. My friends wanted to see my reaction when I drank it and started chanting, "Drink, Drink, Drink!" because they knew I was trying to escape from the situation. I brought the cup closer to my nose and sniffed it. It smelled awful. It smelled like urine and bitterness. The smell lingered in my nostrils and made me think twice about drinking it, but I figured that I am too indecisive and I should do it soon and get it over with. So, I tilted the cup to my mouth, and I could feel the cold, brown liquid that oozed through my lips and into my mouth. The moment it entered, an immediate bitterness hijacked my taste buds. I could not taste anything except bitterness. I gulped it down quickly and immediately reached for the nearest cup of cold water. The alcohol left an awful aftertaste of dryness in my mouth and a burning sensation in my throat. It felt like I had just swallowed a burning wood, with each spark of fire hitting the walls of my esophagus. Drinking the cold water felt like a fire truck had just arrived and extinguished the burning sensation I had in my throat. As I looked around, I noticed that some of my friends drank too much, and they couldn't even stand up. Their faces turned tomato red, and some even staggered to the table to get another shot. I shook

my head in disbelief because they were behaving like totally different people.

I may not like alcohol, but I did not regret doing this eye-opening experience. In the past, I was not open to changes and I used to follow what my friends did because I didn't want to be a loner. But that day, I learned that doing something just for the sake of making myself feel accepted with others is not right. Generally, each one of us has every right to our own happiness, and no one can interfere with that. If we do things that we don't like just to make other people happy, it means that we are letting them control our happiness, and our life will be like the taste of alcohol – bitter.

HA
HA
HA

Monochromatic Color Study — Bhagyasei Ashas

Monochromatic Color Study — Cherokee Watson

Jin He (Anna) — Project 3

Do we dream for what we want, or what we need?
Waking up at midnight, saturated in sweat:
Was it a nightmare
Or a brush against the reality we envision?
The waves still crash, and the mountains still speak.
We listen; write it down for eternity to polish.
Or leave it out in the air, and batter it with reason.
Should these questions be asked, or ignored?

If you look to the field, there's someone sitting on a bench.
They sip black coffee, humming a tune, with a pen in hand
And journal on their knee, as they taste the sky.

Clarity — Daniel Fowler

"Go" — Susan Metz

"Go," Matthew said to his brother.

"Run, Alfred. Make haste and run. You've so much ahead of you, brother. You can make a difference in the world, but you need to run."

"No, Matt! I'm not leaving you!" Alfred shouted at his brother through tear-filled cerulean eyes. He looked on in horror at his now mirrored twin. The small physical differences were now gone between them. Matthew cut off his luscious, wavy golden hair to the length and style to match his brother's, his eyes a darker shade and his skin a lighter tone, but the guards would pay attention to such miniscule details when they came for Matthew's head. Alfred, in truth, was the one they were after. The elder brother and prince of the land was framed and found guilty of murdering the Old King. The guards were sent to find him after he fled; whether he was brought back dead or alive did not matter. And Matthew, the younger twin, was a quiet and shy boy, all but forgotten by his family as, since birth, all the attention had always been on Alfred. But Matthew had never held it against his brother. He'd never resented him or loathed him because Alfred was the one who actually paid attention to him. Alfred the strong and powerful would always find a way to spend time with his favorite and only younger brother. With Alfred ascending the throne, Matthew had no real value as a being. He was protected as noble; however, he had no job and he held no authority over the court. He did not have many talents aside from ice sports and cooking. He'd never truly figured out his purpose in life, but now he had one. The banging on the door grew louder and harsher, the wood beginning to crack dŭe to the pressure.

"Open up this door and face your comeuppance, you coward!" Arthur, the cynical but loyal mage, grabbed Alfred by his wrist and led him to the secret exit.

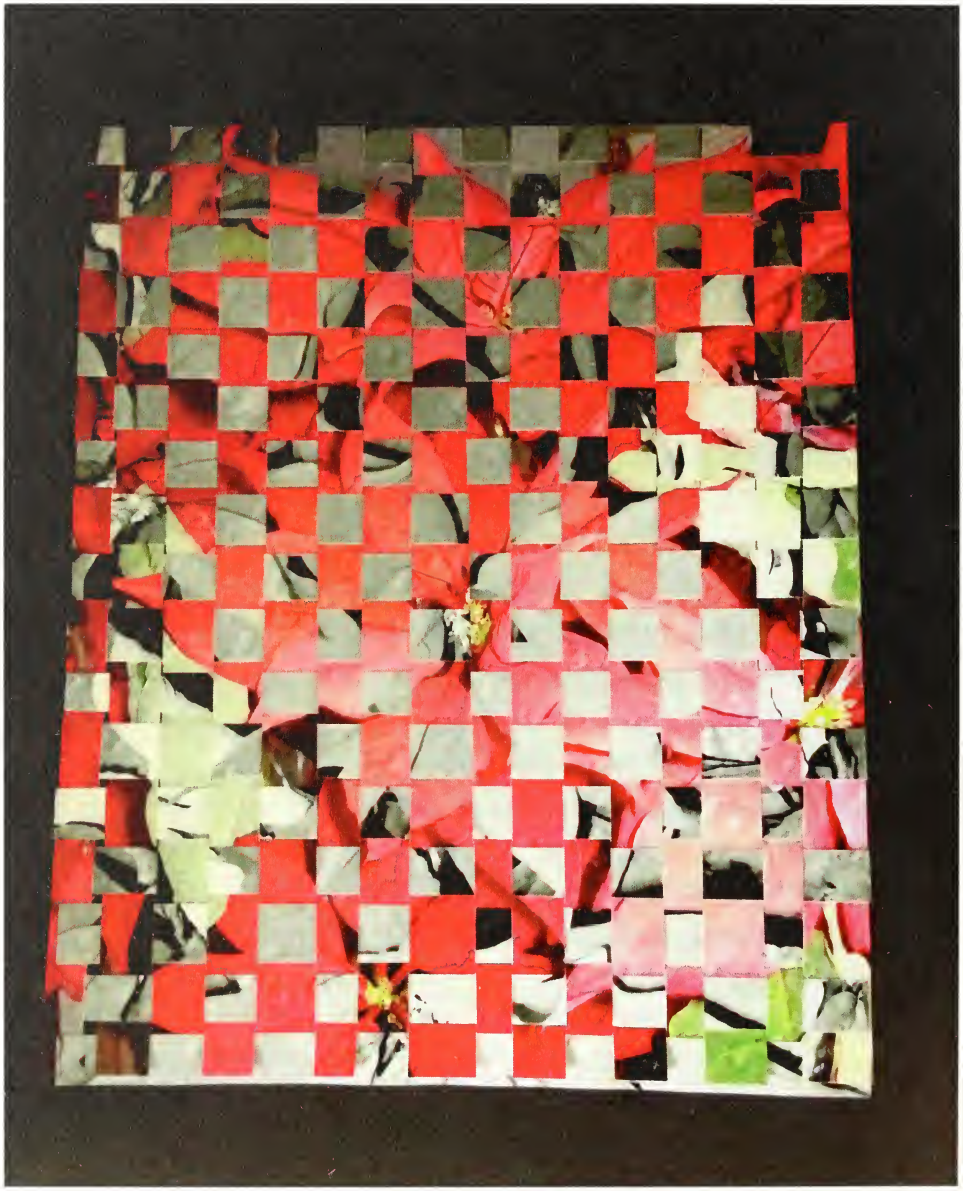
"Alfred, we must hurry!"

"Wait, Artie, I have to save Mattie! I can't let him die!" Alfred took one last look at his beloved brother. Matthew returned the look with a sad gaze of his own, a small, sincere smile in place. "Au revoir, mon frère."

With that Arthur used his magic to shield the secret exit shut and ran down the dark, dank corridor with Alfred sniffling behind him.

"Don't cry, Alfred. This is what Matthew wanted. You should honor his sacrifice and cherish him for the person that he was: humble, kind, and loyal. Do not pity him, and live with pride with the life that he's given you."

Alfred nodded in agreement and dried his tears. "You're right . . . I will." He turned back for a moment to look behind him into the darkness. "Goodbye, Mattie . . . and thank you."



Untitled 1 — Shannon Geher

Untitled 2 — Shannon Geher

Selfie – Susan Metz

Selfie – Susan Metz

Monsters are born from bites from the undead, ancient curses, dangerous pathogens, stitched together from pieces of decaying flesh, electrocuted, or grown from gurgling test tubes in secret underground labs. They are undeniably, inherently evil. Each type of monster has an origin story, a conclusive explanation of why it does the horrific things it does, except for the real ones. Human monstrosity is more terrifying than the most evil fictional beasts. We are all capable of monstrosity when pushed to the edges and shaped by situations that leave us forever changed. We do not know who the human monsters are, what they are capable of, or when their monstrous potential will be reached. There are many types of real monsters, the most frightening of which are the monsters inside us. They affect people of every race, ethnicity, gender, socioeconomic status and age. They affect innocent, good people and those that are already tainted by evil, causing devastation to them and those around them. They can completely change the course of someone's life leading them to commit monstrous acts. They are things that are completely out of our control. We do not know who will be affected, when, or what type of monster will burrow itself in our minds.

THE MONSTERS INSIDE US — Anonymous

It is a monster that changes your mind and your body. It makes you an enemy to friends and a friend to enemies. It is a necessary, addictive monster that you just can't get enough of. You need it right now and you will do anything to get it, in many cases performing monstrous acts of your own. Some addicts lie and steal, while others go so far as to kill. This monster's influence makes you believe that nothing, not family or friends or the law, is more important than it. You put it ahead of yourself and all your obligations. You may work, but only for money to buy more. You need it and you hurt and betray those closest to you in the pursuit to get more. You need it and even if you escape the monster, the desire lingers and the want of the high to just take the edge off is still there, a constant companion.

Addiction — Anonymous

This is a monster that affects the weakest and most vulnerable in our society. It is a progressive and devastating monster that lives in the brains of those infected, wreaking havoc on their cognition. It attacks in stages, and when recognized can be slowed, but not cured. It is a death sentence, one where those diagnosed are cursed to live the remainder of their lives a slave to their mind. At first, victims become forgetful of small things, then larger and more important things begin to slip their mind. The monster causes them to hurt those around them when they begin to forget the names of their family and friends and their memories with them. Then the monster takes complete control, affecting their mind and physical health. People become suspicious of the people and things around them and experience vibrant delusions. They may see elaborate architectural excavation sites in their back yards and mistake a beloved spouse for a dangerous intruder. They hurt those around them while in their delusions, thinking they are saving themselves. They accuse, strangle, suffocate, abuse, and even kill while in the midst of these violent delusions. They cannot differentiate between what is real and what the monster is making them see. They eventually die, usually in a near catatonic state but not before the monster causes them to harm all those around them. It is the saddest, most debilitating form of mind control because it happens to the elderly, the weak in our society. The disease steals their mind, and in some cases, turns them into monsters.

Dementia – Anonymous

Contamination #1 — Israel N. Rodriguez Font

I am the witch tied to your pyre
Ready to burn in passion's fire
My funeral will go unnoticed
Fake sincerity need not attend
As I hide it inside to the bitter end

I feel crucified in your wake
You torture me for torture's sake
You love to see my demons take flight
Reaching towards the sky leaving me in tormented plight
Making me want to die

Love's sweet misery is left behind on my bruised neck
From the night you tried to set me ablaze
My truest feelings hidden in my mind, a passion tangled maze
But my lips tore you apart from me
Snuffing out the flame

From my burning rage's ashes I shall rise
A woman phoenix screaming towards the sky
Once your beauty now my own beast
Don't let my garish form spoil the eyeball's feast
My memory will never allow you to rest in peace.

Burn — Erin Martin

Under The Rose — Erin Martin

Những ngọn đồi nhấp nhổm dưới hoàng hôn
Hình bóng Mẹ trải dài trên mặt đất
Đôi quang gánh nặng oằn đôi vai Mẹ
Mồ hôi rơi mặn chát tấm thân gầy.

Tháng rồi lại tháng, năm rồi lại năm
Cha ôm lấy cả vùng trời trọng trách
Đổi cho con những niềm vui nho nhỏ
Cha mỉm cười mãn nguyện với bản thân.

Ngày còn bé đêm nào cũng khóc thét
Cha Mẹ thức, chẳng một lời than trách
Đến một ngày chập chững bước đầu tiên
Cha Mẹ dìu con, chẳng mệt nhoài.

Thời gian trôi không chờ đợi ai cả
Con lớn dần vươn người khỏi vòng tay
Rồi từ đây bắt đầu có tâm sự
Những ngày về đôi hàng lệ tuôn rơi.

Vì cuộc đời không giống một cuộc chơi
Luôn tồn tại khó khăn và thách thức
Cha Mẹ đứng đó nhìn con ấm ức
Chỉ lặng người giá gánh được cho con.

Có thấy không Cha Mẹ đâu sung sướng
Cả một đời vất vả bởi vì con
Đến một hôm bỗng bất đồng quan điểm
Làm Cha Mẹ buồn con nào đâu có hay.

Đã qua rồi những năm tháng thơ dại
Cũng tới lúc nhìn nhận lại bản thân
Cuộc sống luôn xoay quanh những thăng trầm
Mãi như thế, cõi đời ô trọc quá!

Cha Mẹ là vậy luôn lo lắng
Con có sai vẫn dang tay đón về
Cả đời con chẳng thể đền đáp nổi
Công sinh dưỡng, nuôi nấng con nên người.

Công Ơn Cha Mẹ — Thanh Nguyen
(Original Vietnamese Version)

The hills are undulating under the sunset.
The mother's shadow spreads across the land.
The heavy bamboo baskets on her shoulders
Cause sweat to fall from her face and skin.

Days and months pass and turn into years.
Father covers a big sky of responsibilities
To give his child lots of happiness.
Then he smiles, feels satisfied with himself.

Every night, the baby shrieks and cries aloud.
Mother and father awake without complaining
Until the day the baby starts her first steps.
They take turns helping the baby walk.

Time will pass and will not wait for anyone.
The baby grows and leaves the mother's arms.
Now the child has no one to confide in and
Sometimes goes home with tears in her eyes.

Life is not a game, and there are always
Difficulties and challenges. The parents
Stay at home and watch the child cry.
They are speechless and cannot help her.

Then one day, the child and parents disagree.
Now we see the parents are not blissful,
A lifetime of tiredness because of the child.
The child doesn't know how sad her parents feel.

The innocent days and years pass by.
Now it's time to take a breath and look back.
Life forever has its ups and downs. This life
Is always difficult like that. The mother

And father always worry about the child.
Even when the child is wrong, they welcome her
Back. All her life, she can never repay them,
The pain they endured to help her become good.

The Parents' Merit
English Translation of Công Ơn Cha Mẹ
by Thanh Nguyen and John Martino

Broken by thy spirit
In the wake of our demise
Our tear reddened eyes
Look up into the mercury skies

To say that we didn't want
To say that we didn't care
To say that we were nothing
To say that would be lies

If only we could escape
Together in clever disguise
This bond between us
Much too soon, severed, barely alive

Boy and girl, interrupted
Man and woman, corrupted
Our fresh and tender hearts
Stopped cold by fearful thoughts

One plus one equals two
Add the world, equals trouble
Forced us to divide
On the double

I'm sorry to burst your bubble
But would it be too much to ask
To hit the reset button
As we sort through the rubble

At another time and place
When being in love would not
Be in such bad taste?
Give another shot to defy time and space?

Forgive me for these feelings
Please correct me if I'm wrong
Would it be wrong to admit
I've known you all along?

From the first day I saw you
My heart couldn't help but burn
But my mind kept my mouth shut
Because it felt all wrong, killing the flames in an urn

I don't think it's all over
This internal battle cries in silence
Why must we always subject ourselves
To ongoing internal violence?

So many questions left to brew
My mind has liquefied to stew
All of this inside as I walk on by
So many things I wish you knew

It's difficult to let you in on the secret
When I'm too afraid to even say hello
So for now I bid reluctant adieu
But if you change your mind, I'm waiting for you . . .

Untitled — Susan Metz

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